

THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

By Blakely & Martin.

JUNCTION, DAVIS CO., KANSAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1862.

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The Irish Voice.

The "Ancient Order of Hibernians" has
issued a circular, dated at Philadelphia,
which contains these ringing passages:

"Arouse you, Spartans of the Ancient
Order, and embrace the golden opportunity
which God intended and humanity desired;
behold the glimmering light of liberty, as
it breaks through the long years of dark-
ness and desolation. You hear the lion's
roar in the distance—it is the warning of
his approach to destroy our last remaining
hope (liberty), the brightest inheritance of
posterity. Sleep no more—the dream is
past—the hour is come so long predicted
and desired—the destiny of England is
sealed, and the hope of Ireland brightens
in the horizon. For centuries your
country has a bleeding victim at the foot
of the grim tyrant, who, not satisfied
with the slaughter by the gibbet and the
scaffold, and a hundred thousand pale,
cold and emaciated victims of starvation,
still grows with an angry passion at our
adoption of the country, and threatens the destruction
of the liberty we enjoy.

"If she should dare to tamper with the
rights of this republic, the Irish element,
not only here, but throughout the world,
will write the history of their injustice in
letters of blood at the point of the sword.
To be prepared for such an event, it is the
duty of all organizations to resume immedi-
ately, and take prompt action suitable to
the aspect of affairs. We argue that the
time is short, and that a longer delay would
be detrimental to Ireland and America, while
would encourage the menacing attitude of
the enemy—regarding us as passive. There
are thousands in our midst sleeping in leth-
argy, and in the midst of the approaching
storm, who need but be roused by those
whose duty it is to set the ball in motion."

Opinion of John Quincy Adams.

"What order of man under the most
absolute of monarchies, or the most aristo-
cratic of republics, was ever invested with
such an odious and unjust privilege as that
of the separate and exclusive representation
of less than half a million owners of slaves,
and in the Presidential mansion? This in-
vestment of power in the owners of one
species of property concentrated in the au-
thorities of the nation, and disseminated
through thirteen of the twenty-six States,
constitutes a privileged order of men in the
community, more adverse to the rights of
all, and more pernicious to the rights of the
whole, than any order of nobility ever
known. To call government thus constituted
a democracy, is to insult the under-
standing of mankind. It is doubly tainted
with the infection of riches and slavery.—
There is no name in the language of juris-
prudence that can define it—no model in
the records of ancient history, or in the
political theories of Aristotle, with which it
can be linked. It was introduced into the
Constitution of the United States by an
equivocation—a representation of property
under the name of persons. Little did the
members from the Free States imagine or
foresee what a sacrifice to Moloch was hid-
den under the mask of this concession."

LOVING AND FALLING IN LOVE.—Nothing
is indeed so common in this country as
falling in love; yet it is not quite so com-
mon to love. The one is a flower that may
bloom and wither in a night; the other is
the rich fruit from the flower that can sur-
vive the sun and storm, and ripen to decay
no more. When feverish anxieties have
passed away; when "hopes and fears that
kindle hope" have ceased; when selfish
jealousies and lovers' quarrels are buried;
when "honey moons" are long forgotten;
and the snowy brow becomes wrinkled, and
the eye lost its moisture—then does love,
worthy of the name, become the inmate of
the heart and home; love pure, noble, de-
voted, self sacrificing, seeking not its own
but the happiness of its beloved object—a
love such as youth never dreamed of or
realized.

A soldier, writing from the Potomac
about "food," says: "We get a sub-
stance for soup called 'pressed vegetables.'
It looks a good deal like a big plug of
'dog leg' tobacco in shape and solidity, and
is composed in part of potatoes, onions,
beans, garlic, parsley, parsnips, carrots, &c.
I acknowledged eating two China tin plates
full, without any convulsions of nature, and
can now speak the German language with
fluency."

The Union.

JUNCTION, THURSDAY, FEB. 6, 1862.

THE TEMPERANCE VILLAGE.

Those who visit the lake country of West-
ern and Central New York carry away the
most agreeable impressions, not only of its
beautiful and varied natural scenery, but
of the intelligence, industry, and material
prosperity of its people. Every where
thriving farms, showing the hand of skill-
ful, and often scientific, culture, pleasant
villages, and prosperous towns, meet the
eye. The beautiful banks of the lakes are
adorned with the handsome and comfortable
residences of the farmer, and often with the
elegant mansions and highly ornamental
grounds of the retired men of business,
from the large towns, or the great metrop-
olitan.

The Temperance Village, of which I
speak, is one of the most pleasant, in a
region where so many are beautiful, that
it seems almost invidious to make compar-
isons. Its pleasant looking residences,
surrounded by yards filled with shrubbery,
and gardens where beautiful flowers and
choice fruits are perfected; its churches,
and schools, and its noble and flourishing
Seminary, bear witness to the cultivated
taste, and to the high moral and intellectual
character of its citizens. Those who have
waded through the mud of our western
villages, can appreciate the value of side
walks through the entire village, making a
promenade at all times so pleasant and
healthful. A Tree Planting Association
has adorned the walks with hundreds of
shade trees, which are every year becoming
more beautiful. The beauty of the scenery
is much enhanced by a picturesque island,
(the only gem, I think, of its waters),
which raises its rocky and tree-crowned
head from the placid bosom of the Lake
here, some four miles wide.

Sailing excursions to the island, and
drives upon the lake shore, are among the
summer recreations. A stage passes daily
between the Village and the town of Au-
burn (the home of Secretary Seward), and
in the season of navigation, the lake steam-
boats, which daily touch at their pier, gives
them the opportunity of a sail the whole
length of the charming Lake, or a speedy
access to the Central Railroad.

Now, the great secret of the enterprise,
thrift, and temporal prosperity, of this
charming Village, is to be found in the
fact that the most influential citizens are
the firm friends of morality and religion,
and of course the earnest friends of Tem-
perance, and believers in temperance sta-
tutes. When I visited this place, I learned
that no drinking saloon, appropriately
called "shades," from its red curtains,
(and more from the probable destination of
its visitants), was allowed in all the pre-
dict. The hotel was a temperance house;
and neither splendid saloon, or low grog-
gery, was to be found in all the place.
Frequent meetings, and suitable and sen-
sible remarks from the citizens themselves,
or addresses from a Riley, a Chipman, or a
Joy, or some other able advocate of the
cause, kept the subject alive among them,
and enlightened the young upon its great
principles. The children who sang—

"The drink that fills the drunkard's bowl
Is not the drink for me—
It kills the body and the soul;
How sad a sight to see!

"But there's a drink so pure and clear,
The thirsty traveler never near—
Refreshed and glad is he;
O! that is the drink for me; O! that is the
drink for me."

had learned in their early years the songs
of temperance, and had hardly seen a
drunkard.
What, then, was the consternation of the
villagers to learn that one of their own citi-
zens was about to establish a distillery?
At first the news was scooped as utterly
incredible; but when it was ascertained to
be a fact, all classes were aroused. Such a
disgrace and injury to their beautiful Vil-
lage could not be borne.

Even now, there were weak souls, of
whom various misdeeds were reported, as
they crossed the lake in a row boat, or upon
the ice in winter, to get a jug filled at the
more accommodating stores in the small
village opposite. Let a distillery go up,
and how short a lease of life would these
poor fellows have? and how many might
acquire the same depraved habit!

A public meeting was called in relation
to the subject; the most intense disap-
probation of the plan was expressed, and the
prospective injury to the credit and pros-
perity of the place were clearly depicted.

Finally, a committee was appointed to wait
upon the would-be distiller, and request
him in the name of his fellow-citizens to
relinquish an enterprise so odious to them,
and so disastrous to the good name and
prosperity of the village. Happily, the
appeal had the desired effect. The distil-
lery was not erected; and at a subsequent
meeting the hearty thanks of his fellow
citizens rewarded his right decision—and
doubtless a still small voice within rewarded
it still more.

Would that the people of Junction felt
the same regard for the moral standing,
and the temporal prosperity, of their city,
as do the inhabitants of the Temperance
Village upon the fair Cayuga.

I will only add, that in no place were
such generous and repeated contributions
given for the relief of the suffering in
Kansas. May they be rewarded a hundred
fold! And when an atrocious and high-
handed rebellion threatened to overthrow
our Government, and give us despotism or
anarchy, the men of the Temperance Vil-
lage sprang to arms, and the women made
garments, and knit stockings, for the brave
defenders of liberty, in which good work
they are still engaged. The last company
raised in the Village and vicinity, was
attached, I think, to the New York Seventy-
fifth regiment, and has just arrived at Fort
Pickens, from which place we expect soon
to hear stirring news. May success speedily
crown their efforts, the navigation of the
Mississippi be closed from obstruction, and
they be permitted to return in health and
peace to the Temperance Village! R.S.T.

Man's Muscular Power.

M. Quetelet, in *Annales d'Hygiene* for
1834, reported "Experiments on the Mus-
cular Force of Men of Different Ages." The
conclusions from his experiments are that
among seafaring people:

1. Muscular force increases up to forty
years of age.
 2. That strength of back, or renal force,
begins to diminish at an earlier age than
manual force.
 3. That the renal force of a seaman of
fifty is no more than that of a novice of
sixteen years old.
 4. That those little advanced in age, or
the young, and those fully advanced, are
equal to each other in the development of
muscular force.
- Renal force, or strength of back, doubles
between the ages of eleven and fifteen years,
triples between fifteen and forty, and after
that age decreases. Manual force, in its
augmentation and decrease, follows an
analogous course.

The Foot of a Horse.

The *Stock Journal* remarks that the hu-
man hand has often been taken to illus-
trate Divine wisdom, and very well. But
have you ever examined your horse's hoof?
It is hardly less curious in its way. Its
parts are somewhat complicated, yet their
design is simple and obvious. The hoof is
not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere
lamp of insensible bone, fastened to the leg
by a joint. It is made up of a thin series
of layers, or leaves, of horn, about five
hundred in number, nicely fitted to each
other, and forming a lining to the foot itself.
Then there are as many more layers, be-
longing to what is called the "coffin bone,"
and fitted into this. These are elastic.
Take a quire of paper, and insert the leaves
one by one into those of another quire, and
you will get some idea of the arrangement
of the several layers. Now the weight of
the horse rests on as many elastic springs
as there are layers in his four feet—about
4,000; and all this is contrived not only for
the easy conveyance of the horse's own
body, but for whatever burdens may be
laid on him.

YANKEE CONTRIVANCES.—In the new
Methodist Episcopal church, on Tremont
street, Boston, the organ-blowing is per-
formed by water power; a small stream of
Cocobuttate being introduced, which does
the work admirably, without getting the
"sunks" and quarreling with the organist.
All the latter has to do, is to turn a stop-
cock, which lets on the water, and the
organ bellows are put in motion, and sup-
ply all the wind desired.

In the new church spire of Rev. Dr.
Gannett, also in the City of Notions, there
is a fine chime of bells, which is to be played
upon by electricity, so that the performer
may cause them all to sound exactly in the
respective order he may desire, while seated
at a keyboard similar to that of an organ.

People should never kiss one of their
own sex—we never kissed a boy in our life
—except occasionally a temptingly sweet
and pretty Tomboy. Such rapturous
kisses!!!

MATIMONY.—Some slanderous bachelor
says his "much joy" when you first get
married but its more jany after a year or so.

The eldest of a ballet company of
fifty girls dancing at Drury Lane Theatre,
London, is nine years of age.

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S DREAM.

The following is from the pen of Wesley
Bradshaw, Esq., and makes a fitting com-
panion to "Washington's Vision," which
sketch, written by Mr. Bradshaw at the
commencement of our national difficulties,
was widely copied by the press, and com-
mended by Edward Everett as "teach-
ing a highly important lesson to every true
lover of his country."

Two o'clock of the third night after Gen-
eral McClellan's arrival in Washington to
take command of the United States Army,
found that justly celebrated soldier poring
over several maps, reports of scouts, &c.

As the hour came tolling through the
night, together with the dull rumbling of
army wagons and artillery wheels, the
weiried hero, pushing from him his maps
and reports, leaned his forehead on his
folded arms, upon the table before him,
and fell into a sleep so that even the occa-
sional booming of the heavy guns, being
placed in position on the entrenchments,
was insufficient to disturb it.

"I could not have been sleeping thus
more than ten minutes," said the General
to an intimate friend, to whom he related
the strange narrative, "when I thought the
door of my room, which I had carefully
locked, was thrown suddenly open, and
some one strode to me, and laying a hand
upon my shoulder, said, in a slow solemn
voice:

"General McClellan, do you sleep at
your post? Hush you, or ere it can be
prevented the foe will be on Washington!"

"Never before in my life have I heard a
voice possessing the commanding and even
terrible tone of the one that addressed to me
these fearful words. And the sensation that
passed through me, as it fell upon my ears,
and I coweringly shrunk into myself at the
thought of my own negligence, I can only
compare it to the whistling shrieking sweep
of a storm of grape shot, discharged di-
rectly through my brain. I could not move,
however, although I tried hardly to raise
my head from the table. As a sense of
my willingness, and yet helplessness to
the unknown intruder oppressed me, I once
more heard that same slow, solemn voice
repeat:

"General McClellan, do you sleep at
your post?"

"There was a peculiarity about it this
time; it seemed as though I—a mere atom
of matter—was suspended in the centre of
an infinite space, and that the voice came
from a hollow distance all around me. As
the last word was uttered I regained, by
some felt and yet unknown power, my
volition, and with the change the grape
shot discharge sensation in my brain ceased,
and a strange but new one seized my heart;
one as of a huge rough icicle being sawed
back and forth through and through me.

"I started up, or rather I should say I
thought I started up, for whether I was
awake or asleep I am utterly unable to
decide. My first thought was about my
maps, and before my eyelids had half
opened my hand was grasping them. But
this was all. The table was still before me,
and the maps all crumpled in my tight-
ening clutch, were still before me; but every-
thing else had disappeared. The furniture
was gone, the ceiling was not to be seen.
All I saw was the tableau I am about to
describe to you.

"My gaze was turned Southward, and
there, spread out before me, was a living
map. That is the only expression I can
think of as befitting the scene. In one
grand coup d'oeil my eye took in the whole
expanse of country, as far south as the Gulf
of Mexico, and from the Atlantic ocean on
the east to the Mississippi river westwardly.
Before fully fixing my attention upon the
immense scene, however, I thought of the
mysterious visitant, whose voice I had heard
but a moment previous, and I looked toward
him. An apparition stood on my left some
what in front, at a distance of about six feet
from me. I sought for his features, hoping
to recognize him. But I was disappointed,
for the statue-like figure was naught but a
vapor, a cloud, having only the general
outlines of a man. This troubled me, and
I was turning the matter over in my mind,
when the shadowy visitor, in the same slow
solemn tone as before, said:

"General McClellan, your time is short!
Look to the Southward!"

"I felt unable to resist this command,
even had I wished to do so, and again,
therefore, my eyes were cast over the living
map. Out on the Atlantic I saw the
various vessels of the blockading squadron
looming up with the most perfect distinc-
tion in the bright moonshine, that illumined
every thing with a strong, but mellow light.
I saw Charleston harbor and its forts, with
their pacing sentinels, and their sullen look-
ing barbette guns. My eyes followed the
ocean line all the way round into the Gulf,
to New Orleans, and thence up the Missis-
sippi. Fort Pickens, and in fact every
fortification along this watery boundary, I
beheld with as much distinctness as you,
sir, see that Corporal's guard passing there.
This sight filled me with delightful sur-
prise; but it would be utterly impossible
for me to describe the ecstatic amazement
that followed, as within the limits I men-
tioned, my eyes took in, in a minute, but
with lightning-like detail, every mountain
range, every hill, every valley, every forest,
every meadow, every river, every rivulet,
every city, every village, every camp, every
tent, every body of men, every sentinel,

earthwork, every cannon, and I may say,
dispensing with further detail, every living
and every dead thing, no matter what its
height or bulk. My blood seemed to stop
in its channels with joy, as I thought that
the knowledge, and thereby advantage, thus
given to me, would insure a speedy and
happy termination of the war. And this
one idea was engrossing my mind, when
once more, that slow solemn voice said:

"General McClellan, take your map
and note what you behold. Tarry not;
your time is short."

"I started, and glancing at the unearthly
speaker saw him extend his arm and point
Southwardly.

"Still I saw no features.

"Smoothing out the largest and most accu-
rate one of my maps, I seized a pencil, and
once more bent my gaze out over the living
map. As I looked this time, a cold thrill-
ing chill ran over, and the huge rough icicle
again began its sawing motion through my
heart. For, as pencil in hand, I compared
the map with the living map, I saw
masses of the enemy's forces being hurled
to certain points so as to thwart movements
that, within a day or two, I intended to
make at those identical points; while on
two particular approaches to Washington I
beheld heavy columns of the foe posted for
a concentrated attack that I instantly saw
must succeed in its object unless speedily
prevented.

"Treachery! treachery!" cried I, in
despair. And, as before, my blood seemed
to stop in its channels for joy, it now did
so for fear. Ruin and defeat seemed to
stare me in the face. At this dreadful
moment that same slow solemn voice struck
once more upon my ears, saying:

"General McClellan, you have been
betrayed! and, had not God willed it
otherwise, ere the sun of to-morrow had set,
the confederate flag would have floated
above the Capitol and your own grave.
But note what you see! Your time is
short! Tarry not!"

"Ere the words had left the lips of my
vaporary Mentor, my pencil was flying with
the speed of thought, transferring to the
map before me all that I saw upon the living
map. Some mysterious and unearthly
influence was upon me, and I noted and
recorded the minutest point I beheld with-
out the slightest effort, delay or mistake.
At last the task was done, and my pencil
dropped from my fingers. For awhile pre-
vious to this, however, I had become con-
scious that there was a shining of light on
my left, that steadily increased until the
moment I ceased my task, when it became
in an instant more intense than the noonday
sun. Quickly I raised my eyes, and never,
were I to live forever, should I forget what
I saw. The dim shadowy figure was no
longer a dim shadowy figure, but the glori-
fied and refulgent Spirit of Washington,
the Father of his Country, and now a second
time his Saviour.

"My friend, it would be utterly useless
for me to attempt to describe the mighty
returned spirit. I can only say that Wash-
ington, as I beheld him in my dream, or
trance, as you may choose to term it, was
the most God like being I could have ever
conceived of. Like a weak dazzled bird I
sat gazing at the heavenly vision. From
the sweet and silent repose of Mount Ver-
non our Washington had risen to once more
encircle and raise up, with his saving arm,
our fallen, bleeding country. As I con-
tinued looking an expression of sublime
benignity came gently upon his visage, and
for the last time I heard that slow solemn
voice saying to me something like this:

"General McClellan, while yet in the
flask I beheld the birth of the American
Republic. It was indeed a hard and bloody
one, but God's blessing was upon the nation,
and therefore, through this, her FIRST GREAT
STRUGGLE for existence, he sustained her,
and with His mighty hand brought her out
triumphantly. A century has not passed
since then, and yet the Child Republic has
taken her position, a peer, with nations
whose page of history extends for ages into
the past. She has since those dark days,
by the favor of God, greatly prospered.
And now, by very reason of this prosperity
she has been brought to her SECOND GREAT
STRUGGLE. This is by far the most perilous
one she has to endure. Passing as
she is from childhood to opening maturity,
she is called on to accomplish that vast
result, self-conquest, to learn that important
lesson, self-control, self-rule, that in the
future will place her in the van of power
and civilization. It is her that all nations
have hitherto failed; and she, too, the
Republic of the earth, had not God willed
it otherwise, would by to-morrow's sunset
have been a broken heap of stones cast up
over the final grave of human liberty.

But her cries have gone up out of her
borders like sweet incense unto Heaven and
she will be saved. Thus shall peace once
more come upon her, and prosperity fill her
with joy. But her mission will not then
be yet finished, for, ere another century
shall have gone by the oppressors of the
whole earth, hating and envying her exalta-
tion, shall join themselves together and
raise up their hands against her. But if
she still be found worthy of her high call-
ing they shall surely be discomfited, and
then will be ended her THIRD AND LAST
GREAT STRUGGLE for existence! Thence
forth shall the Republic go on increas-
ing in goodness and power until her
border shall end only in the remotest cor-

ners of the earth, and the whole earth shall,
beneath her shadowing wings, become a
Universal Republic. Let her in her pros-
perity, however, remember the Lord her
God; let her trust be always in Him, and
she shall never be confounded."

"The heavenly visitant ceased speaking,
and as I still continued gazing upon him
drew near to me, and raised and spread out
his hands above me. No sound now passed
his lips, but I felt a strange influence com-
ing over me. I inclined my head forward
to receive the blessing, the baptism of the
Spirit of Washington.

"The following instant a peal of thunder
rolled in upon my ears, and I awoke. The
Vision had departed, and I was again sitting
in my apartment, with every thing exactly
as it was before I fell asleep, with one
exception. The map on which I had
dreamed I had been marking was literally
covered with a net work of pencil marks,
signs and figures. I arose to my feet and
rubbed my eyes, and took a turn or two
about the room to convince myself that I
was really awake. I again seated myself;
but the pencil marks were as plain as ever,
and I had before me as complete a map and
repository of information as though I had
spent years in gathering and recording its
details. My mind now became confused
with the strange and numberless ideas and
thoughts that crowded themselves into it,
and I involuntarily sank down on my knees
to seek wisdom and guidance from on High.
As I arose, refreshed in spirit, that same
solemn voice seemed to say to me, from an
infinite distance:

"Your time is short! Tarry not!"

"In an instant, thought became clear
and active. Hastening out couriers, with
orders to have executed certain manoeuvres
at certain points, (guiding myself by that
now, in my eyes, unearthly map), I threw
myself into the saddle, and long ere day-
light, galloping like the tempest from post
to post and camp to camp, had the happi-
ness to divert the enemy from his object,
which, my friend, I assure you, would have
proved entirely successful by reason of the
last pieces of treachery, had not Heaven
interposed.

"That map is looked upon by no human
eye save my own, and therefore treachery
can do us no harm. I have on it every
whit of information that I need, informa-
tion that the enemy would give millions to
keep from us. The fate of the war is settled.
"The rebellion truly seems very formid-
able, but it is only struggling in the path
of an avalanche. The mighty toppling mass
of national power and retribution will, until
the proper moment comes, now and then let
slip down upon its victim forerunners of its
approach. And when the proper moment
does come, it will sweep down upon, and
forever annihilate *Disunion* with a thunder
that shall reverberate throughout the world
for ages upon ages to come.

"Sir, there will be no more Bull Run
affairs!"

"God has stretched his arm, and the
American Union is saved! And our be-
loved, Glorious Washington shall again
rest quietly, sweetly in his tomb, until, per-
haps, the end of the prophetic century
approaches that is to bring the Republic to
her THIRD AND FINAL STRUGGLE, when he
may, once more laying aside the elements
of Mount Vernon, come, a messenger of
succor and peace, from the Great Ruler,
who has all the nations of earth in his keep-
ing. But that futuro is too vast for our
comprehension; we are the children of the
Present."

"When Peace shall again have folded
her bright wings, and settled upon our land,
that strange, unearthly, wonderful map,
marked while the Spirit eyes of Washing-
ton looked on, shall be preserved among
American archives, as a precious reminder
to the American Nation, of what, in their
SECOND GREAT STRUGGLE for existence they
owed to God and the Glorified Spirit of
Washington."

"Verily the ways of God are above the
understanding of man."

AVERY RELIGIOUS COLONEL.—One of the
zealous Chaplains of the Potomac called on
a Colonel noted for his profanity, in order
to talk about the religious interests of his
men. He was politely received and beck-
oned to a seat on a chest. "Colonel,"
said he, "you have one of the finest regiments
in the army." "I think so," re-
plied the Colonel. "Do you think you
pay sufficient attention to the religious in-
struction of your men?" "Well, I don't
know," replied the Colonel. "A lively
interest has been awakened in the
Regiment; the Lord has blessed the labors
of his servants, and ten men have already
been baptised." (This was a rival regi-
ment.) "Is that so, 'pon honor," asked
the Colonel. "Yes sir." "Sergeant"
said the Colonel to an attending orderly,
"have fifteen men detailed immediately to
be baptised. I'll be d—d if I'll be out-
done in any respect!" The Chaplain took
a note of the interview and left.

A first rate joke took place lately
in our court room. A woman was testify-
ing in behalf of her son, and swore "that
he had worked on a farm ever since he was
born." The lawyer who cross-examined
her, said: "You assert that your son has
worked on a farm ever since he was born?"
"I do."
"What did he do the first year?"
"He milked!" The lawyer evaporated.